But giue your Pidgions to the Emprour,
By me thou ſhalt haue iuſtice at his hands.
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for thy charges,
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer a Supplicæion?
Clowne. I ſir.
Titus. Then here is a ſupplication for you, and when you come to him, at the firſt aproach you muſt kneele, then kiſſe his foote, then deliuer vp your Pidgions, and then look for your reward.
Ile be at hand ſir, ſee you doe it brauelie.
Clowne. I warrant you ſir, let me alone.
Titus. Sirra haſt thou a knife? Come let me ſee it.
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou haſt made it like an humble Suppliant.
And when thou haſt giuen it the Emperour,
Knocke at my dore, and tell me what he ſayes.
Clowne. God be with you ſir, I will. *Exit.*
Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius* follow me.

Exeunt.

Enter Emperour and Empreſſe, and her two ſonnes, the Emperour brings the Arrowes in his hand that Titus ſhot at him.

Satur. Why Lords, what wrongs are theſe? was euer ſeene
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the extent
Of egall iuſtice, vſde in ſuch contempt?
My Lords, you know the mightfull Gods,
How euer theſe diſturbers of our peace
Buz in the peoples eares, there nought hath paſt,
But euen with law againſt the wilfull ſonnes

Of

Of old *Andronicus*. And what and if
His ſorrowes haue ſo ouerwhelmde his wits?
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wreakes,
His fits, his frenzie, and his bitternes?
And now he writes to heauen for his redreſſe,
See heeres to *Ione*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of warre:
Sweet ſcrowles to flie about the ſtreets of Rome,
Whats this but Libelling againſt the Senate,
And blazoning our vniuſtice euery where?
A goodly humour, is it not my Lords?
As who would ſay, in Rome no iuſtice were:
But if I liue, his fained extaſies
Shall be no ſhelter to theſe outrages,
But he and his ſhall know that iuſtice liues
In *Saturninus* health, whome if he ſleepe,
Heele ſo awake, as he in fury ſhall
Cut off the proud'ſt conſpiratour that liues.
Tamora. My gracious Lord, my louely *Saturnine*,
Lord of my life, commaunder of my thoughts,
Calme thee, and beare the faults of *Titus* age,
Th'effects of ſorrow for his valiant ſonnes,
Whoſe loſſe hath pearſt him deepe, and ſcard his hart,
And rather comfort his diſtreſſed plight,
Then proſecute the meaneſt or the beſt
For theſe contempts: Why thus it ſhall become
Hie witted *Tamora* to gloſe with all:
But *Titus* I haue touched thee to the quicke,
Thy life blood out: if *Aron* now be wiſe,
Then is all ſafe, the Anchor's in the port.

Enter Clowne.

How now good fellow would'ſt thou ſpeake with vs?
Clowne. Yea forſooth, and your Miſterſhip be Emperiall.

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